

Reigne in all bowomes, that each heart being set  
On bloody Courses, the rude Scene may end,  
And darknesse be the burier of the dead. (Honor.)

*L. Bar.* Sweet Earle, diuorce not wisdom from your  
*Mor.* The liues of all your louing Complices  
Leane on your health, the which if you giue o're  
To stormy Passion, must perforce decay.  
You cast theuent of Warre (my Noble Lord)  
And sum'd the accompt of Chance, before you said  
Let vs make head: It was your presumize,  
That in the dole of blowes, your Son might drop.  
You knew he walk'd o're perils, on an edge  
More likely to fall in, then to get o're:

You were aduis'd his flesh was capeable  
Of Wounds, and Scarres; and that his forward Spirit  
Would lift him, where most trade of danger rang'd,  
Yet did you say go forth: and none of this  
(Though strongly apprehended) could restrain  
The stiffe-borne Action: What hath then befallne?  
Or what hath this bold enterprize bring forth,  
More then that Being, which was like to be?

*L. Bar.* We all that are engaged to this losse,  
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous Seas,  
That if we wrought our life, was ten to one:  
And yet we ventur'd for the gaine propos'd,  
Choak'd the respect of likely perill fear'd,  
And since we are o're-ler, venture againe.  
Come, we will all put forth; Body, and Goods,

*Mor.* 'Tis more then time: And (my most Noble Lord)  
I heare for certaine, and do speake the truth:  
The gentle Arch-bishop of Yorke is vp  
With well appointed Powres: he is a man  
Who with a double Surety bindes his Followers.  
My Lord (your Sonne) had onely but the Corpses  
But shadows, and the shewes of men to fight, not  
For that same word (Rebellion) did diuide  
The action of their bodies, from their soules,  
And they did fight with queasinesse, constrain'd  
As men drinke Potions; that their Weapons only  
Seem'd on our side: but for their Spirits and Soules,  
This word (Rebellion) it had froze them vp,  
As Fish are in a Pond. But now the Bishop  
Turnes Insurrection to Religion,  
Suppos'd sincere, and holy in his Thoughts:  
He's follow'd both with Body, and with Minde:  
And doth enlarge his Rising, with the blood  
Of faire King Richard, set a'd from Pomfret stones,  
Deriues from heauen, his Quarrell, and his Cause:  
Tels them, he doth bestride a bleeding Land;  
Gasping for life, vnder great Bulkingbrooke,  
And more, and lesse, do flocke to follow him.

*North.* I knew of this before. But to speake truth,  
This present greefe had wip'd it from my minde.  
Go in with me, and counsell euery man  
The aptest way for safety, and reuenge:  
Get Posts, and Letters, and make Friends with speed,  
Neuer so few, nor neuer yet more need. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter Falstaffe, and Page.*

*Fal.* Sirra, you giant, what saies the Doct. to my water?  
*Page.* He said sir, the water it selfe was a good healthy  
water: but for the party that ow'd it, he might haue more  
diseases then he knew for.

*Fal.* Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at mee: the

braine of this foolish compounded Clay-man, is not able  
to inuent any thing that tends to laughter, more then  
inuent, or is inuented on me. I am not onely witty in my  
selfe, but the cause that wit is in other men. I doe heere  
walke before thee, like a Sow, that hath o'rewhelm'd all  
her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Ser-  
uice for any other reason, then to set mee off, why then I  
haue no iudgement. Thou horson Mandrake, thou art  
fitter to be worne in my cap, then to wait at my heeles. I  
was neuer mann'd with an Agot till now: but I will fettle  
you neyther in Gold, nor Siluer, but in wilde apparell, and  
send you backe againe to your Master, for a Jewell. The  
*Lunenall* (the Prince your Master) whose Chin is not yet  
fledg'd, I will sooner haue a beard grow in the Palme of  
my hand, then he shall get one on his cheek: yet he will  
not sticke to say, his Face is a Face-Royall. Heauen may  
finish it when he will, it is not a haire amisse yet: he may  
keepe it still at a Face-Royall, for a Barber shall neuer  
earne six pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if  
he had writ man euer since his Father was a Batchellour.  
He may keepe his owne Grace, but he is almost out of  
mine, I can assure him. What said *M. Dombledon*, about  
the Satten for my short Cloake, and Slops?

*Page.* He said sir, you should procure him better Assu-  
rance, then *Bardolfe*: he wold not take his Bond & yours,  
he lik'd not the Security.

*Fal.* Let him bee damn'd like the Glutton, may his  
Tongue be hotter, a horson *Achitophel*: a Rascally-yea-  
forsooth-knaue, to beare a Gentleman in hand, and then  
stand vpon Security? The horson smooth-pates doe now  
weare nothing but high shoes, and bunches of Keyes at  
their girdles: and if a man is through with them in ho-  
nest Taking-up, then they must stand vpon Securitie: I  
had as liefte they would put Rats-bane in my mouth, as  
offer to stoppe it with Security. I look'd hee should haue  
sent me two and twenty yards of Satten (as I am true  
Knight) and he sends me Security. Well, he may sleep in  
Security, for he hath the horne of Abundance: and the  
lightnesse of his Wife shines through it, and yet cannot  
he see, though he haue his owne Lanthorne to light him.  
Where's *Bardolfe*?

*Page.* He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship  
a horse.

*Fal.* I bought him in Paules, and hee'l buy mee a horse  
in Smithfield. If I could get mee a wife in the Stewes, I  
were Mann'd, Hors'd, and Wiu'd.

*Enter Chiefe Iustice, and Seruant.*

*Page.* Sir, heere comes the Nobleman that committed  
the Prince for striking him, about *Bardolfe*.

*Fal.* Wait close, I will not see him.

*Ch. Iust.* What's he that goes there?

*Ser.* *Falstaffe*, and't please your Lordship.

*Iust.* He that was in question for the Robbery?

*Ser.* He my Lord, but he hath since done good seruice  
at Shrewsbury: and (as I heare) is now going with some  
Charge, to the Lord *John of Lancaster*.

*Iust.* What to Yorke? Call him backe againe.

*Ser.* Sir *John Falstaffe*.

*Fal.* Boy, tell him, I am deafe.

*Page.* You must speake lowder, my Master is deafe.

*Iust.* I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.  
Go plucke him by the Elbow, I must speake with him.

*Ser.* Sir *John*.

*Fal.* What's a yong knaue and beg? Is there not wars?  
there not imployment? Doth not the K. lack subiects? Do  
not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a shame to be

on any side but one, it is worse shame to begge, then to  
be on the worst side, were it worse then the name of Re-  
bellion can tell how to make it.

*Ser.* You mistake me Sir.

*Fal.* Why sir? Did I say you were an honest man? Set-  
ting my Knight-hood, and my Souldier-ship aside, I had  
lyed in my throat, if I had said so.

*Ser.* I pray you (Sir) then set your Knighthood and  
your Souldier-ship aside, and giue mee leave to tell you,  
you lye in your throat, if you say I am any other then an  
honest man.

*Fal.* I giue thee leaue to tell me so? I lay a-side that  
which growes to me? If thou get'st any leaue of me, hang  
me: if thou tak'st leaue, thou wert better be hang'd: you  
Hunt-counter, hence: Auant.

*Ser.* Sir, my Lord would speake with you.

*Iust.* Sir *John Falstaffe*, a word with you.

*Fal.* My good Lord: giue your Lordship good time of  
the day. I am glad to see your Lordship abroad: I heare  
say your Lordship was sicke. I hope your Lordship goes  
abroad by aduise. Your Lordship (though not clean past  
your youth) hath yet some smack of age in you: some rel-  
ish of the saltnesse of Time, and I most humbly beseech  
your Lordship, to haue a reuerend care of your health.

*Iust.* Sir *John*, I sent you before your Expedition, to  
Shrewsburie.

*Fal.* If it please your Lordship, I heare his Maiestie is  
return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

*Iust.* I talke not of his Maiesty: you would not come  
when I sent for you?

*Fal.* And I heare moreover, his Highnesse is false into  
this same whorson Apoplexie. (you.)

*Iust.* Well, heauen mend him. I pray let me speake with  
you.

*Fal.* This Apoplexie is (as I take it) a kind of Lethar-  
gie, a sleeping of the blood, a horson Tingling.

*Iust.* What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

*Fal.* It hath it originall from much greefe; from study  
and perturbation of the braine. I haue read the cause of  
his effects in *Galen*. It is a kinde of deafenesse.

*Iust.* I thinke you are false into the disease: For you  
heare not what I say to you.

*Fal.* Very well (my Lord) very well: rather an't please  
you) it is the disease of not Listening, the malady of not  
Marking, that I am troubled withall.

*Iust.* To punish you by the heeles, would amend the  
attention of your eares, & I care not if I be your Physician.

*Fal.* I am as poore as *Iob*, my Lord; but not so Patient:  
your Lordship may minister the Potion of imprisonment  
to me, in respect of Pouersie: but how I should bee your  
Patient, to follow your prescriptions, the wife may make  
some dram of a scruple, or in deede, a scruple it selfe.

*Iust.* I sent for you (when there were matters against  
you for your life) to come speake with me.

*Fal.* As I was then aduis'd by my learned Councel, in  
the lawes of this Land-seruice, I did not come.

*Iust.* Well, the truth is (sir *John*) you lye in great infamy.  
*Fal.* He that buckles him in my belt, canot lye in lesse.

*Iust.* Your Meanes is very slender, and your wast great.

*Fal.* I would it were otherwise: I would my Meanes  
were greater, and my waste slenderer.

*Iust.* You haue mislead the youthfull Prince.

*Fal.* The yong Prince hath mislead mee. I am the Fel-  
low with the great belly, and he my Dogge.

*Iust.* Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound: your  
daies seruice at Shrewsbury, hath a little gilded ouer  
your Nights exploit on Gads-hill. You may thanke the

vnquiet time, for your quiet o're-posting that Action.

*Fal.* My Lord? (Wolfe.)

*Iust.* But since all is wel, keep it so: wake not a sleeping  
*Fal.* To wake a Wolfe, is as bad as to smell a Fox.

*Iust.* What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

*Fal.* A Wasell-Candle, my Lord; all Tallow: if I did  
say of wax, my growth would approue the truth.

*Iust.* There is not a white haire on your face, but shold  
haue his effect of grauity.

*Fal.* His effect of grauy, grauy, grauy.

*Iust.* You follow the yong Prince vp and downe, like  
his euill Angell.

*Fal.* Not so (my Lord) your ill Angell is light: but I  
hope, he that lookes vpon mee, will take mee without  
weighing: and yet, in some respects I grant, I cannot go:  
I cannot tell. Vertue is of so little regard in these Costor-  
mongers, that true valor is turn'd Beare-heard, Pregnan-  
cie is made a Tapster, and hath his quicke wit wasted in  
giuing Recknings: all the other gifts appertinent to man  
(as the malice of this Age shapes them) are not woorth a  
Gooseberry. You that are old, consider not the capaci-  
ties of vs that are yong: you measure the heat of our Li-  
uers, with the bitternes of your galls: & we that are in the  
vaward of our youth, I must confesse, are waggies too.

*Iust.* Do you set downe your name in the serowle of  
youth, that are written downe old, with all the Charac-  
ters of age? Haue you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yel-  
low cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing  
belly? Is not your voice broken? your winde short? your  
wit single? and enery part about you blasted with Anti-  
quity? and wil you cal your selfe yong? *Fy, fy, fy, sir John.*

*Fal.* My Lord, I was borne with a white head, & som-  
thing a round belly. For my voice, I haue lost it with hal-  
lowing and singing of Anthemes. To approue my youth  
farther, I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in iudge-  
ment and vnderstanding: and he that will caper with mee  
for a thousand Markes, let him lend me the mony, & haue  
at him. For the boxe of th'care that the Prince gaue you,  
he gaue it like a rude Prince, and you rooke it like a iens-  
ible Lord. I haue checkt him for it, and the yong Lion re-  
pents: Marry not in ashes and sacke-cloth, but in new  
Silke, and old Sacke.

*Iust.* Wel, heauen send the Prince a better companion.

*Fal.* Heauen send the Companion a better Prince: I  
cannot rid my hands of him.

*Iust.* Well, the King hath seuer'd you and Prince *Har-  
ry*, I heare you are going with Lord *John* of Lancaster, a-  
gainst the Archbishop, and the Earle of Northumberland.

*Fal.* Yes, I thanke your pretty sweet wit for it: but  
looke you pray, (all you that kisse my Ladie Peace, at  
home) that our Armies ioyn not in a hot day: for if I take  
but two shirts out with me, and I meane not to sweat ex-  
traordinarily: if it bee a hot day, if I brandish any thing  
but my Bottle, would I might neuer spit white againe:  
There is not a daungerous Action can peepe out his head,  
but I am thrust vpon it. Well, I cannot last euer.

*Iust.* Well, be honest, be honest, and heauen blesse your  
Expedition.

*Fal.* Will your Lordship lend mee a thousand pound,  
to buy me forth?

*Iust.* Not a peny, not a peny: you are too impatient  
to beare crosses. Fare you well. Commend mee to my  
Cotin Westmerland.

*Fal.* If I do, fillop me with a three-man-Beetle. A man  
can no more separate Age and Couetousnesse, then he can  
part yong limbes and litchery: but the Gowt galls the